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The Religious Right: Toward A Coalition

by Murray N. Rothbard

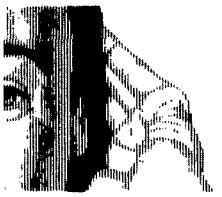
How is it that I, a pro-choice libertarian, stood up and cheered when the Reverend Falwell announced, after the election, that he might revive the Moral Majority; and was repelled when Cal Thomas, former vice-president of that organization, from his lofty post as one of the neocons' favorite Christian columnists, urged Falwell not to do so? (Nov. 12) Thomas counsels "more compassion and less confrontation," warning that we are in a "post-Christian culture," so that Christian conservatives should confine themselves to such "positive" measures as spending their money on scholarships for kids to attend private schools, and on crisis pregnancy centers to offer adoption services. In other words: to abandon political action, or any confrontation against evil.

Most libertarians think of Christian conservatives in the same lurid terms as the leftist media, if not more so: that their aim is to impose a Christian theocracy, to outlaw liquor and other means of hedonic enjoyment, and to break down bedroom doors to enforce a Morality Police upon the country. Nothing could be further from the truth: Christian conservatives are trying to fight back against a left-liberal elite that used government to assault and virtually destroy Christian values, principles and culture.

Breaking Down Bedroom Doors?

It is true that nineteenth-century Protestanism, particularly in Yankee territories of the North, was driven by post-millennial evangelical pietism to use the government to stamp out sin, a category that was very widely defined, to include the outlawry of liquor, as well of gambling, dancing, and all forms of Sabbath-breaking. Sodomy was made illegal, but so too was heterosexual immorality, such as fornication and adultery. But old-fashioned post-millennial pietism has been dead as a dodo since the 1920s. While many Christian conservatives favor keeping some or all of the sex laws on

(Cont. page 3, col. 1)



THE EAR

by Sarah Barton

Congratulations to Jared Taylor for his wonderful book on race, *Paved With Good Intentions* (Carroll & Graf), which managed to break through the Establishment's Velvet Curtain. But boo to "libertarian" attorney and race specialist Clint Bolick, theoretician at the Koch-funded Institute for Justice, who panned the book in the *Wall Street Journal*. Bolick claims that we cannot get rid of the welfare state until every trace of racism has been stamped out, until blacks have full "access" to everything, etc. "Libertarian," or Left-liberal?

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(THE EAR cont. from pg. 1)

* * * * *

Here's a little game to smoke out left-libertarians, liberals, paleos, neocons, etc.—a game even shorter than Marshall Fritz's "World's Smallest Political Quiz": Thumbs Up, or Thumbs Down? on the following five people:

-Abraham Lincoln
-Woodrow Wilson
-Franklin D. Roosevelt
-"Dr." Martin Luther King
-Hillary Clinton

For paleos, it's five enthusiastic Thumbs Down. Left-liberals, five equally enthusiastic Thumbs Up. Neocons, four Thumbs Up (they probably balk at Hillary). Left-libertarians, three Thumbs Up (probably down for Wilson and FDR).

* * * * *

James Baker and Margaret Tutwiler continued to request adjoining rooms on all their trips right up until the end, unless Mrs. Baker was going along, that is.

* * * * *

According to F.A. Hayek in an unfinished essay for the *New Palgrave Dictionary*, Ludwig von Mises was not—as the story is usually told—denied a professorship at the University of Vienna because of anti-Semitism. Mises, writes Hayek, was "an obvious choice for a professorship," but the "faculty of law, at which economics was taught" was dominated by Jewish professors and candidates had to "have the approval of the Jewish community." Mises, "by his criticism of the socialist program," had made himself "highly unpopular" with the Jewish community, and it, not anti-Semitism, blocked Mises's appointment.

* * * * *

When aging neocon R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., held a party celebrating the 25th anniversary of *The American Spectator*, he was furious over the best quip of the evening. Amy Lumet, wife of P.J. O'Rourke, said she was delighted about the anniversary, because now the magazine "is older than Bob's girlfriends." ■

Rothbard's Beancounting: The Clinton Diversity Scorecard

Male, WASP, Southern (Bentsen, Riley, McLarty)	3
Male, WASP, non-Southern (Babbitt, Lake, Woolsey, Christopher)	4
Male, Hispanic (Pena, Cisneros)	2
Male, Italian (Panetta)	1
Male, Jewish (Reich, Altman, Rubin, Kantor, Blinder)	5
Male, Greek (Stephanopoulos)	1
Female, WASP, Married to Jew (Browner [Podhorzer])	1
Female, WASP, Half-Italian, Married to Jew (Tyson [Tarloff])	1
Female, WASP, Not Married to a Jew	0
Female, Arab (Shalala)	1
Male, Arab	0
Female, Jewish (Rivlin, Baird)	2
Female, Hispanic	0
Female, Jewish, Czech (Albright [Korbel])	1
Male, Negro, Light-Skinned (Wharton, Espy, R. Brown)	3
Male, Negro, Dark-Skinned (J. Brown)	1
Female, Negro, Dark-Skinned (Elders)	1
Female, Negro, High Yaller (O'Leary)	1
Irish, Male or Female	0
Germans, Male or Female	0
Poles, Male or Female	0
Asians, Male or Female	0

Looking Like America??

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(The Religious. . .cont. from P.1)
the books for symbolic reasons, I know of no Christian group that wants to embark on a crusade of enforcing these laws, or of having the police break down bedroom doors. For that matter, there are very few conservative prohibitionist groups either; if and when prohibition comes to America, it will be a left-liberal measure, done to improve our "health" and to cut down accidents on the roads. There are no Christian groups that want to persecute gays, or adulterers.

No Christian groups want to persecute gays, or adulterers.

The battle now is on very different territory. The battle is over "anti-discrimination" laws, to make it illegal to hire, fire, or associate, in accordance with sexual preference or anti-preference. In the case of gays, as in the case of blacks, women, Hispanics, "the handicapped," and countless other victomological groups targeted for "anti-discrimination" measures, new egalitarian "rights" are discovered that are supposed to be enforced by majesty of the law. In the first place, these "rights" are concocted at the expense of the genuine rights of every person over his own property; secondly, all this "rights" talk is irrelevant, since the problem of hiring, firing, associating, etc. is something to be decided on by people and institutions themselves, on the basis of what's most convenient for the particular organization. "Rights" have nothing to do with the case. And third, the Constitution has been systematically perverted to abandon strictly limited minimal government on behalf of a crusade by the federal courts to multiply and enforce such phony rights to the hilt.

On the phoniness of rights talk in these matters: suppose I decide to open up a Chinese restaurant. I make a conscious business decision to hire only Chinese waiters who speak both Chinese and English, since I want to attract a largely Chinese clientele. Shouldn't I have the right to use my property to hire only Chinese waiters? The same sort of business decision should be right and remain unchallenged if I should wish to hire only men, only women, only blacks, only whites, only gays, only straights, etc. in making my business decision. But what if my business decision should turn out to be wrong, and I lose a lot of non-Chinese customers? In that case, my business will suffer, and I will either change or go out of business. Once again, it should be my decision, period.

In sum: anti-discrimination laws of any sort are evil, aggress against the genuine rights of person and property, and are uneconomic since they cripple efficient business decisions.

This brings us to the first controversial move of the Clinton-elect pre-administration: eliminating the ban on gays in the military. The military should be considered like any other business, organization, or service; its decisions should be based on what's best for the military, and "rights" have nothing to do with such decisions. The military's long-standing ban on gays in the military has nothing to do with "rights" or even "homophobia"; rather it is the result of long experience as well as common sense. The military is not like any civilian organization. Not only are its men in combat situations (which it partially shares with civilian outfits like the police) but the military commander has virtual total control over his subordinate's person and life, especially in combat situations. In such situations, open homosexuals could engage in favoritism toward loved ones, and engage in sexual exploitation and abuse of subordinates under their command. Add the discomfort of many in close and intimate situations, and you get destruction of the morale and efficiency of combat units.

The standard answer of gays is interesting for being both abstract and unresponsive to the point. Namely: all sexual *activities* are and should be illegal in the military, much less sexual abuse of subordinates. Make only *actions* illegal say the advocates of gays in the military, and make any *orientation*

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licit and legitimate.

One problem with this libertarian-sounding answer is that it confuses what should be illegal *per se* from what should be illegal as a voluntary member of an organization (e.g. the military) which can and should have its own rules of membership, let alone its own hiring and promoting and firing. In criminal law, only actions (such as robbery and murder) should be illegal, and not mental orientation. But who should or should not be a member of the military should depend on military rules, and not simply include anyone who is not a criminal. Thus, frail types who are half-blind are clearly not in a *per se* state of criminality; but surely, the military has the right to bar such people from membership.

Secondly, the standard pro-gay answer ignores the facts of human nature. Surely, libertarians in particular should be alive to the absurdity of making sex illegal and then declaring an end to the matter. The point is that the military understands that, while sex in the military should indeed be outlawed, that this is not going to settle the matter, because human nature often triumphs over the law. Prostitution has been illegal from time immemorial, but it has scarcely disappeared. It is precisely because of its shrewd understanding of human nature that the military wants to keep the ban on gays in the military. The military doesn't naively assume that there *are no* gays in the army or navy now. On the other hand, it has no intention of going on a "witch hunt" to try to ferret out secret gays. The whole point is that, with gays necessarily in the closet, the problem of favoritism, sexual abuse, etc. is greatly minimized. Allow open gaydom in the military, however, and the problems, and the suffering of morale, will escalate.

Because of its shrewd understanding of human nature, the military wants to keep the ban on gays.

The same strictures apply *a fortiori* to women in the military, especially to integrated close-contact and intimate units such as exist in combat. (The old method of segregated female units for typing, jeep-driving, etc. did not pose such problems.) Since there are far more heterosexual than homosexual males, and since there is no question of a "closet" here, favoritism and abuse will be far more rampant. Once again, illegalizing sex within the military would be even more difficult to enforce. This is especially true in the current climate where "sexual harassment" has been expanded to touching and even ogling. Think of sex-integrated showers and think of Tailhook maximized to the nth degree!

The problem of women in the military has been further aggravated by the sex-norming of physical requirements in the military. Since it proved almost impossible for women to pass the standard tests for strength and speed, these tests have been dumbed down so that most women can pass them; and this includes such essential combat skills as carrying weapons and throwing grenades!

Finally, libertarians will fall back on their standard argument that while all these strictures do apply to *private* organizations, and that "rights" do not apply to such organizations, egalitarian rights *do* apply to such governmental outfits as the military. But, as I have written in the case of whether someone has "the right" to stink up a public library just because it is public, this sort of nihilism has to be abandoned. I'm in favor of privatizing everything, but short of that glorious day, existing government services should be operated as efficiently as possible. Surely, the postal service should be privatized, but, pending that happy day, should we advocate allowing postal workers to toss all the mail into the dumpster, in the name of making that service as terrible as possible? Apart from the horrors such a position would impose upon the poor consumers (that's us), there is another grave error to this standard libertarian position (which I confess I once held), that it besmirches and confuses the fair concept of "rights," and

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transmutes it from a strict defense of an individual's person and property, to a confused, egalitarian mishmash. Hence, "anti- discrimination" or even affirmative action "rights" in public services sets the conditions for their admittedly monstrous expansion into the private realm.

The Abortion Question and Radical Decentralization

The abortion issue is a more difficult one. Since the anti-abortion people hold abortion to be murder of a human being, breaking down the bedroom doors to stop murder would not then be an anti-libertarian position. And moreover, it would obviously be in a very different category from police enforcement of laws against sexual activity.

But even here there is considerable room for coalition between pro-choice libertarians and the pro-life religious Right. In the first place, as I have written about libertarian Republican Congressional candidate Henry Butler, his pro-choice position did not spare him the calumny of the pro-abortion crowd, since he opposed taxpayer funding of abortions, not just because we are against all taxpayer funding of medical care, but also because it is peculiarly monstrous to force those who abhor abortion as murder to pay for such murders. Furthermore, pro-choicers can join with pro-lifers in upholding the freedom to choose of taxpayers, *and* of gynecologists, who are under increasing pressure by pro-abortionists to commit abortions, or else.

But even apart from the funding issue, there are other arguments for a *rapprochement* with pro-lifers. There is a prudential consideration: a ban on something as murder is not going to be enforceable if only a minority considers it as murder. A national prohibition is simply not going to work, in addition to being politically impossible to get through in the first place. Pro-choice paleolibertarians can tell the pro-lifers: "Look, a national prohibition is hopeless. Stop trying to pass a human life amendment to the Constitution. Instead, for this and many other reasons, we should radically decentralize political and judicial decisions in this country; we must end the despotism of the Supreme Court and the federal judiciary, and return political decisions to state and local levels."

Pro-choice paleos should therefore hope that *Roe v. Wade* is someday overthrown, and abortion questions go back to the state and local levels—the more decentralized the better. Let Oklahoma and Missouri restrict or outlaw abortions, while California and New York retain abortion rights. Hopefully, some day we will have localities within each state making such decisions. Conflict will then be largely defused. those who want to have, or to practice, abortions can move or travel to California (or Marin County) or New York (or the West Side of Manhattan). The standard rebuttal of the pro-abortionists that "poor women" who haven't got the money to travel would be deprived of abortions of course reverts back to a general egalitarian redistributionist argument. Aren't the poor "deprived" of vacation travel now? Again, it demonstrates the hidden agenda of the pro-abortionists in favor of socialized medicine and collectivism generally.

A commitment to radical decentralization means that pro-choicers should give up the Freedom of Choice Act, which would impose abortion rights by the federal government upon the entire country. It means that libertarians should cease putting all their judicial eggs in the basket of hoping to get good guys, like Richard Epstein or Alex Kozinski, on the Supreme Court. Far more important is getting rid of federal judicial tyranny altogether, and to decentralize our polity radically—to return to the forgotten Tenth Amendment.

An unfortunate act of President-elect Clinton was to reverse the Bush policy of not funding physicians who counsel abortions. Leftists cleverly distorted this action as an "invasion of the free speech of physicians." But no "freedom of speech" was involved. People should be free to speak, but this does not mean they must be shielded from the consequences of such speech. No person, and hence no physician, has a "right" to receive taxpayer funding. Everyone may have the right to say whatever they like, but not the right to say whatever they like and *still* be funded by the taxpayers. And just as taxpayers should not be forced to fund abortions, neither should they be forced to fund people who counsel abortions.

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"Establishing" Religion

Christians have, for decades, suffered an organized assault that has driven expressions of Christianity out of the public school, the public square, and almost out of public life altogether. The rationale has been an absurd twisting and overinflation of the First Amendment prohibition on establishing a religion. Establishing a religion has a specific meaning: paying for ministers and churches out of taxpayer funds. To ban even voluntary prayer from the public schools, or to ban the teaching of religion, is a pettifogging willful misconstruction of the text and of the intent of the framers, in order to replace our former Christian culture with a left-secular one. The banning of creches in front of local town halls demonstrates how far the secularists will go—indeed shows how totalitarian they are in their drive to ban religion from public institutions.

Hence, in the competition of world-views, Christians have had to function with both hands tied behind their back. Since the competition, left-secularist world-view is not called a "religion," the ouster of the Christian world-view from the schools has left the path clear for left-secularism to conquer the field of ideas unchallenged.

Obviously, no libertarian can favor a genuine establishment of a church. Yet, it must be pointed out that the First Amendment was only supposed to apply to Congress, and not to the several states, and that some states continued to have an established church well past the establishment of the American Republic. Connecticut, for example, continued the establishment of the Presbyterian Church past 1789, and yet we hear no stories of Connecticut groaning under intolerable despotism. So that if even an established church in one or two states need not be met with hysteria, what are we to think of all the fuss and feathers about a creche, or voluntary prayer or "In God We Trust" on American coins?

Restoring prayer, however, will scarcely at this date solve the grievous public school problem. Public schools are expensive and massive centers for cultural and ideological brainwashing, at which they are unfortunately far more effective than in teaching the 3R's or in keeping simple order within the schools. Any plan to begin dismantling the public school monstrosity is met with effective opposition by the teachers' and educators' unions. Truly radical change is needed to shift education from public to unregulated private schooling, religious and secular, as well as home schooling by parents.

Agenda for the Christian Right

These are just some of the issues that invite an alliance between paleolibertarians and the Christian Right. While the Christian Right contains many wonderful people, it too needs to get its own act together. It must take on two vital and necessary intra-Christian tasks, for which it needs a lot more spirit of confrontation and a lot less "compassion." In the first place, it must level hammer blows against the pietist and pervasive Christian Left, the treacly, egalitarian, socialistic "We Shall Overcome" Left. Secondly, it must enter the real world by inveighing against the dispensationalists and their predictions and yearnings for an imminent Armageddon. Not only do their repeated predictions of Armageddon subject them to justifiable ridicule, but concentration on Armageddon fatally weakens their will to participate in political action and confrontation. In addition, their interpretation of the *Book of Revelation* makes the dispensationalists even more fanatical Zionists than Yitzhak Shamir and the *Likudniks*.

In sum, the task of paleolibertarians is to break out of the sectarian libertarian hole, and to forge alliances with cultural and social, as well as politico-economic, "reactionaries." The end of the Cold War, as well as the rise of "political correctness," has made totally obsolete the standard libertarian view that libertarians are either half-way between, or "above," both Right and Left. Once again, as before the late 1950's, libertarians should consider themselves people of the Right. ■

Ethnic Fury In The Caucasus: Sorting It Out

by M.N.R.

The Caucasus, as usual, is aflame, and we are in danger of

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forgetting about this little mountainous region in our absorption with Bosnia and Somalia. I dare say that there are more ethnic nationalities per square inch there than any other place in the world, and, having learned about each other and rubbed elbows for many centuries, they are all out to cut each other's throats. World peace through understanding? Hah!

We all know about the fierce Armenian-Azeri struggle, with the Armenian stronghold of Nagorno (Mountain)-Karabakh locked as an enclave within Azerbaijan. So let us skip over that one.

Let us start by focussing on the Western Establishment's favorite Man-in-the-Caucasus, the incredibly beloved (in the U.S., that is) Georgian, Eduard Shevardnadze.

Shevardnadze, once Gorby's right-hand man as Foreign Minister, charmed his way into the hearts of the U.S. media and diplomatic corps, his greatest asset being the fact that he had converted from Communism to Social Democracy. How much better could he be? After Gorby was booted out, "Shevy" went back to take control of Georgia, by engineering the ouster of Georgian strongman Zviad Gamsakhurdia.

Enter the heroic and much-persecuted Abkhazians.

Gamsakhurdia's sin was to be elected as head of Georgia as a nationalist, and then to establish a dictatorship of himself and his family ("Gamsakhurdian socialism") over the county. Shevy then led a "democratic" coup d'etat that ousted Zviad, who retreated to his homeland and stronghold in the west of Georgia to carry on resistance and guerrilla warfare against the Shevy regime.

Enter the heroic and much-persecuted Abkhazians. Abkhazia is an autonomous republic *within* the northwest of the republic of Georgia. The Abkhazians are particularly exercised by the fact that they, the Abkhazians, are not masters even in their own sub-republic, where they constitute only 18% of the sub-country of Abkhazia, the rest being such foreigners as the Georgians and other ethnic groups in the region.

The Abkhazians took advantage of the turmoil, and rose up against Georgian tyranny, capturing the main Abkhazian city. Shevardnadze typically forgot about his own professed devotion to ethnic national freedom, and sent an army to put down the Abkhazians, under the flimsy pretext that these were only pseudo-Abkhazians fronting for the dread Gamsakhurdia, whose region is only a few miles southward on the west coast of Georgia.

In the meanwhile, the Georgians were also suppressing another sub-nationality on their north-central border, the South Ossetians. The South Ossetians are spending their lives yearning to break away from their Georgian oppressors, and to join their brethren across the border in North Ossetia. The two halves of the Ossetian territory were arbitrarily separated by Stalin and dumped into different republics, in a typical Stalinist ploy to split and wreck peoples who were insufficiently Stalinist.

Meanwhile, on the northern border, the North Ossetians are cheek-by-jowl with another autonomous sub-republic within the Russian Federated Republic, Chechen-Ingushia. In my ignorance I had thought that this had always been the name of the region, but it turns out that Stalin—again!—had punished both the unruly Chechens and the Ingush by forcing them to merge into one sub-republic.

Now it turns out that the Ingush, in the western half of Chechen-Ingushia, had been forced to hand a chunk of their land to North Ossetia, and the Ossetians are showing no signs of giving it up. In the meanwhile, the Chechens complain that *they* had been shoved under the tyranny of the Ingush by Stalin's actions.

So: to sum up the goals for ethnic justice in the Caucasus:

Nagorno-Karabakh *is* Armenian.

Abkhazia for the Abkhazians; Georgians Out!

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Ossetia: One Land, One People, One Nation!

But: the North Ossetians must give the Ingush back their land,

And: the Ingushis must allow the Chechens out from under their tyranny.

OK, got it straight? Now all we need is for the United States to send about 500,000 troops to the Caucasus—under UN direction, of course—and in about twenty years we should be able to straighten it all out. ■

Never Say "JAP"!

by M.N.R.

Poor Marge Schott! This lovably eccentric lady, owner of the Cincinnati Reds, is the latest American to fall victim to the piranhas of Political Correctness, Thought Police division. One slip, her blood is in the water, and the rest is only a grisly mopping-up operation.

Marge Schott's sin, so unforgivable as to be beyond redemption, was to use a few Incorrect Words and phrases. The fact that she committed these sins in private, and not even as the public television comments that brought down Al Campanis and Jimmy the Greek Snyder, apparently makes no difference. The Constitution may be held to guarantee the right of privacy in the bedroom, but never for Hate Thoughts. Then you're finished. Sports commentators, who lead the jackal pack, assert that a huge fine and suspension from baseball, would not be enough; apparently no punishment meted out to Marge would be sufficient. They are backed by such as Abraham Foxman, national director of the Anti-Defamation League, who has no known connection with baseball, but who chimed in that Marge had "tainted and sullied baseball." How about this, fellas: How about a public drawing-and-quartering of Marge on TV, accompanied by a chorus singing "We Shall Overcome"? Would *that* be enough?

How about a drawing-and-quartering of Marge on TV, accompanied by "We Shall Overcome"?

What terrible criminal deeds did Marge commit? She either agrees, or does not deny, that she has, on occasion, used the words: "nigger", "Jap," and, about certain people, "money-grubbing Jews." She also acknowledged keeping a swastika armband in her drawer at home. And that's IT! Enough for capital punishment, right?

How did these terrible Hate Thoughts come to light? It seems that one Tim Sabo, who is neither black nor Jewish nor Japanese, was fired by Schott as the controller for the Cincinnati Reds. Sabo had the nerve to sue Schott for $2.5 million—nerve because Ohio is, fortunately, an "at will" state that allows an employer to fire any employee as he sees fit. (And why not? Why should anyone have a legal obligation to pay money to anyone else for a service the former no longer wants?) The suit was thrown out of court, as surely Sabo's lawyers knew it would. But, and here's the kicker, part of Sabo's suit claimed that one reason he was fired is because he disliked Marge's "racial and religious slurs." Poor sensitive soul, ethnically altruist to the core!

Obviously, the idea was to bulldoze Marge Schott into settlement, on the threat that her Political Incorrectness would emerge from the deposition that she was forced to make to answer Sabo's vindictive charges. But, she didn't bite, and as a result, her deposition, by some magic process, hit the public media like a firestorm. Her blood was poured into the water.

Poor Marge never realized what her deposition would get her into. "Nigger" was a joke term, she said, and she vigorously denied calling two of her players "million-dollar niggers," because she admires and loves them. She denies being anti-Semitic, since one of her managers is Jewish and he "is like a son to me." As for the swastika armband, she explained that she got it as a gift from one of her employees who had "taken it off a dead German"

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soldier during the war. As she explained: "It's what they call, what, 'memorabilia'? It's no big deal. I keep it in a drawer with Christmas decorations."

Poor Marge. All of these explanations, perfectly sensible as they are, would have been totally acceptable not too many years ago. Why aren't ethnic slurs "joke terms," especially if not made to the people involved? How indeed can one be anti-Semitic while having Jewish friends? Have no Jews ever been "money-grubbing"? And what's wrong with keeping memorabilia of wartime? Do you mean to tell me that all those millions who have purchased virtually every book ever published about Hitler are all secret Nazis, worshiping the icons in private?

A final charge emerged during the process, as the bloodhounds descended upon Marge for interviews after her deposition was leaked to the press. Asked about Germany in the 1930s, where Marge's family resided at the time, Marge opined: "Hitler was good in the beginning, but he went too far." This statement is supposed to wrap it all up, and to warrant shipping her off to the guillotine. But after all, what's so terrible about this sentence? Those who are unfortunately Keynesians might well state that Hitler, at the beginning, put the unemployed back to work, brought about prosperity, etc. And weren't Hitler's worst deeds committed in the latter part of his reign? It was during World War II that left-liberals at Columbia University told me that "we should learn from Hitler" about government planning of the economy.

There are, of course, no longer any "joke terms" that violate the increasingly rigid canons of Political Incorrectness. Left-liberals are a crew as *serioso* and humorless as Robespierre or some KGB administrator of a Gulag. The only "humor" permitted now is nasty insults directed at white Christian males.

Indeed, left-liberals have managed to redefine "obscenity," urging taxpayers to subsidize art that used to be called obscene, while substituting a new category of the *Verboten*. In the late 1960s, a young libertarian graduate student, now a distinguished investment newsletter editor, formed the Filthy Speech Movement, an off shoot of the Free Speech Movement, at Berkeley. The height of his radicalism came when he challenged the obscenity law as follows: getting up in public in the outdoor political speech area on campus, and starting, slowly and portentously, uttering words on a spectrum of titillation, each one increasingly closer to the obscene. Finally, when he uttered a word that Went Too Far, he was hauled away by the *polizei* to the pokey. He had made his point about the silliness of words being a jailing offense.

So that's what we should do with the new Hate words. Start, for example, with the French "*negre*" (for Negro.) Then "Negro." Still OK? Then "ni-gra." And then, finally, the ultimate shiver: "nig-ger." Oooh, wow! Many years ago, the militant black comic Dick Gregory, taking his cue from Lenny Bruce, published a book entitled *Nigger*, explaining that anyone who used the word from then on was advertising his book. How about treating the whole trumped-up issue with humor?

But the most idiotic charge of all against poor Marge is that she habitually uses the word "Jap." As in : gifts that she had received from "the Japs" while touring Japan with some Reds players. As the *serioso* sports reporter Ira Berkow wrote wonderingly in a lengthy piece on Marge in the *New York Times* (Nov. 2), "she made the comment (about gifts from the "the Japs") without a seeming concern or understanding of its pejorative implications." Marge insisted that she didn't mean to insult the Japanese, that she loves and respects them. Berkow deserves to explain to us further; just *why* is "Japs" pejorative? Tell us, Ira.

Because here the PC brigade has Gone Too Far: they are interfering with a practice that every American stubbornly considers as his birthright: contraction. The American contracts: he doesn't say "Pep-si Co-la"; he says "Pepsi." He doesn't insist on "Bud-weiser", he says "Bud." And now he can't say "Jap"? You mean he has to dutifully say "Ja-panese"? Rubbish. They'll never get away with it. On "Japs" they lose one.

Back to the Negro Question. The PC blacks have been leading us a merry chase for many decades. Every ten or twenty years we have to learn a new term, because the older one has

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suddenly become "racist" and "Uncle Tom." When I was growing up, the good people of my parents' generation all referred to them as "the colored." (I don't know what the Bad Guys, the racists, called them in those days, since I had never met one: perhaps, after all, "nigger.") But us younger progressives regarded "colored" as racist and Uncle Tom, for some reason that I've never grasped: *we* used the Good word "Negro." No sooner had "Negro" swept the boards, however, and "colored" been vanquished, when the radical blacks of the late 60s denounced the good old word "Negro" as racist and Uncle Tom and insisted on the word "black." (Although, oddly enough, in older decades, "black" was considered terribly racist and pejorative, referring as it did to *color*.) Finally, after a sharp but short fight, "black" was triumphant, and "Negro" sent to the brig, beyond the pale of civilized people.

The word "black" had a great advantage: it has only one syllable.

From the point of view of the average American, the word "black" had a great advantage: it has only one syllable. But, a couple of years ago, the black leadership put their heads together and decided that "black" was now racist and Uncle Tom, and that the only satisfactory term is "African-American." No guys, no way. No way that a word of seven syllables "Afri-can A-mer-i-can" is going to replace a word of one syllable. Never. There are still some verities that the average American holds to with great firmness; and contracting syllables is one of them.

I see signs on the horizon that "African-American" might already be obsolete, and that a new phrase is coming onto the horizon. Get this, it's: "people of color." So: after a hundred years of putting us through the hoops the upshot is almost the same phrase with which we started, oh so long ago. Except that for the two syllable "col-ored" we now have the five-syllable "people of co-lor." I suppose some would call that "progress." ■

Their Malcolm... And Mine

by M.N.R.

Why Malcolm X? Why the sudden rage, replete with baseball caps inscribed with X's, for a man assassinated nearly thirty years ago? Partly it's media hype, centered around the new hagiographic movie made by our Most Politically Correct Movie Director, Black Division. More seriously, the nostalgia for Malcolm is part of America's permanent Jacobin Celebration Project, in which new politically correct birthdays and anniversaries are dug up and compulsorily celebrated (Earth Day, Earth Week, "Dr." Martin Luther King Day, etc.), while others are overlooked or dumped altogether (Washington's Birthday, Columbus Day—you should forgive the expression). To paraphrase LBJ, seize control of a nation's celebrations, and their hearts and minds will follow.

OK, but why specifically Malcolm? Isn't "Dr." King, for Heaven's sake, enough? Are we now to boycott any state that doesn't give a paid holiday or two in honor of Malcolm? The Authorized Version holds that Dr. King is indeed not quite enough, that restless black youth need a more militant and less "Christian" icon and "role model," someone who was at least willing to flirt with violence, someone therefore more in tune with their own proclivities.

It's true that Malcolm was more militant than King; he was a black nationalist rather than an integrationist. Yet, the emphasis on Malcolm's *ideas* in the Received Version doesn't begin to explain the Malcolm phenomenon. In the first place, Malcolm's original nationalism in the form of the Black Muslims still lingers on in the person of "Minister" Louis Farrakhan. Yet, who really cares about Farrakhan? Surely he is scarcely the figure cut by Malcolm, Farrakhan's original mentor. In

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fact, Malcolm made most of his impact in the scant few months after he had broken with the Black Muslims and before his assassination. And it was then that his ideology was in a state of severe flux. Groping his way out of the Nation of Islam, he had a conversion experience toward genuine Islam when he traveled to Mecca. Furthermore, ideologically, he was courted and pulled at by groups ranging through a wide ideological spectrum, from the Trotskyites of the Socialist Workers Party, over to free market economist and *Fortune* journalist Charles Silberman, who was trying to make Malcolm into a free-marketeer. Indeed, Malcolm's Black Muslim emphasis on black self-help, his attacks on drugs and going on welfare, were an attempt to bring ghetto blacks over to a Protestant Ethic, and it had a limited success in what could have developed into an ideology of Black Capitalism. But it is impossible to say where Malcolm would have headed had he not been gunned down in Harlem's Hotel Theresa Ballroom in February 1965.

There is no question that black nationalism is a lot more libertarian than the compulsory integration pushed by King, the NAACP, and white liberals. But there are deep problems with black nationalism, which Malcolm never had a chance to explore. The most fundamental: black nationalism *in what territory*? A nation has to have territory, and blacks are only one-fifth of the American nation. "Black nationalism" within the United States is then only a phony nationalism, and beginning to look like a drive for an aggravated form of coerced parasitism over the white population. The territorial question was at least faced by the Black Belt thesis of the Communist Party of the USA during the 1920s: Black Belt slave counties of the South. There were two grave problems with this doctrine: (a) what do you do with the existing usually majority white population in these areas, and (b) as time has gone on since 1865, more and more blacks have moved out of the historic Black Belt, and have taken over various inner cities in the North.

A second, and more plausible, form of black nationalism is for a separate black nation in currently existing black areas: a New Africa comprised of Harlem, Bed-Stuy, Detroit, Watts, et al. with its capital the old Washington, D.C. and President Jesse Jackson sitting in the Black House. But then more problems arise. Apart from all the problems of enclaves and access, does anyone really believe that this New Africa would be content to strike out on its own, with no massive "foreign aid" from the USA, and strictly limited migration between the two nations? In a pig's eye.

Black nationalism is a lot more libertarian than compulsory integration.

Actually, since Malcolm's preferred term was "African-American" and since this word has now become the P.C. moniker, it would make the most sense to adopt the solution of early twentieth-century black leader, Marcus Garvey: a mass exodus, a return to West Africa, there to carve out a new black nation, as a people's exile from the Old Sod is at last redeemed. It is true that in contrast to voluntary immigration, black migration from Africa to America was coerced, and voluntary black "Zionism" or African repatriation was the preferred solution to the black problem for most groups, North and South, before the Civil War. Even now, I bet that many Americans would cheerfully chip in to support such a crusade. But why am I convinced that such a Back to Africa solution, even though it would offer a permanent escape from the alleged horrors of White Racism, is not going to fly, especially among those who aggressively like to refer to themselves as "African-American"?

In the last analysis, then, it is not Malcolm's *ideas*, militant or not, nationalist or not, that continue to fascinate, and to attract followers. Not at all. On the contrary, it was Malcolm *as a person* who was the great attraction when alive and still is, thirty years after his death. For

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Malcolm was indeed unique among black leadership, past and present. He did no shuckin' and jivin', he was not a clown like "the Rev." Al Sharpton, he was not moronic like Ben Hooks or Thurgood Marshall, he did not simply threaten Whitey in a loutish manner like the Black Panthers, he was not a fraudulent intellectual with a rococo Black Baptist minister style, like "Dr." King. He stood out like a noble eagle among his confreres. He carried himself with great pride and dignity; his speaking style was incisive and sparkled with intelligence and sardonic wit. In short, his attraction for blacks was and is that *he acted white*. It is a ridiculous liberal cliche that blacks are just like whites but with a different skin color; but in Malcolm's case, regardless of his formal ideology, it really seemed to be true.

I had the privilege of seeing Malcolm speak on two occasions in the year before his death. It was a delightful experience. His answers to questions were a match for any political leader, for intelligence and wit. He was, for example, a lot more impressive than Bill Clinton. My favorite memory of Malcolm was the second speech, before a large gathering, when he made mincemeat out of the insufferable Jimmy Wechsler, ex-Communist turned Social Democrat, and beloved columnist and editor of the New York *Post*. In his speech, Malcolm had spoken of black tenants living in Harlem, while their landlords "lived on the Grand Concourse" (a large, once fashionable street in the west Bronx, then almost exclusively Jewish.) In the question period, Jimmy Wechsler bounced up, and pointed out that Malcolm's remark had "anti-Semitic" implications. "Oh," replied Malcolm in fine mock indignation: "Are you telling me that only *Jews* live on the Grand Concourse? Why that's terrible; that's 'segregation'; that needs to be investigated!" ■

The Clintonians: "Looking Like America"

by M.N.R.

Well, we learned one thing from the horribly odious process of Slick Willie's selecting his Cabinet and sub-Cabinet: the hysterical love affair that the media has been conducting with Bill Clinton is not love for himself alone. Let Willie slip once, and his media worshipers are on his neck in a minute, howling about betrayal. The general media reaction to Clinton's selection of his economic and foreign policy team: shrieks of horror: "Yaagghh! White males! You gave us white males. Unclean! You promised us diver-sity! You said they'd Look Like America.Where are the wo-men?"

For a moment, Clinton was peeved, to see his adoring fans turn on him so quickly and savagely; and he pouted about "quotas" and "bean counters." But that was only for the record; very rapidly, Slick Willie knuckled under, scrambling to find more women. In the tremendous pressure and counter-pressures of all the petted groups scrambling at the public trough, poor Senator Wirth, darling of the environmentalists (hey, did you notice that environmentalists are almost all white, and mostly male?) got clobbered to find himself ousted as Secretary of Energy by yet another woman, and a "black" to boot: the unknown Hazel Rollins O'Leary. The women shut up for a moment, though still grumbling at Clinton's brief outburst (for which he can be expected to pay and pay....), but the Hispanics then took over. What? Only one Hispanic in the Cabinet? Shame! And so poor William Daley, brother of Chicago Mayor Richard, got suddenly shafted at the Transportation post, to be shoved aside by a certified Hispanic, Federico Pena. For a while it seemed that yet a third Hispanic, Representative Bill Richardson (N.M.) was going to get the crucial Interior spot, but the environmentalist lobby put their foot down—Jeez, they had to get *something*, or, Mr. Clinton, are you really soft on the Environment? And it was in vain that the Clinton people said, look, we appointed a splendid environmentalist, and a Woman, to head the EPA (Carol M. Browner), because it was not a Cabinet post. And to the Clintonian assurances that the EPA (along with the other female-headed Council of Economic Advisors) would be *treated* like the Cabinet, and would be "Cabinet-level" (as will the female UN representative): "No, when we demand Cabinet it's gotta be *Cabinet*!"

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This was an unprecedentedly repellent case in American history. Up till now, at least lip-service was paid to finding the best person for each job, to the old American ideal of position according to merit. All this has now frankly been tossed overboard. Talk about your "bean-counters!" The newspapers actually kept a running score, like a basketball game. White males 4, black males 2, black women 2, Hispanic males,1. Etc. Black columnist William Raspberry actually came out and said it: merit, shmerit, everyone's merit is the same anyway, so the key is getting a balance of groups, of insuring glorious diversity, of looking like America. And no one objected. American culture, dominated by left-liberalism, has truly descended into the snakepit.

OK, so let's play the bean counter game (See p.2). If you want a Cabinet "looking like America" you're not going nearly far enough. The beans are not classified with near enough precision. What is this "white male" nonsense? This portmanteau group must be disaggregated, and fast. For example, where are the Irish-American males? There are zip. Poor William Daley was bested as Secretary of Transportation, and the result: no Irish. The largest single ethnic group in America is *still* German-American, and yet there is not a single German-American in the Cabinet or subcabinet, male or female. How can the Cabinet Look Like America with not a single Irish or German? And where are the Latinas (Hispanic females)? I'm afraid that the fact that black lady Hazel Rollins is married to a (presumptively) white Irishman O'Leary, is not going to be enough. Also: what is this "black" nonsense? There are far more precise groupings needed. For example: it is a fact denied only by white liberals that there is tremendous hatred and resentment between dark and light-skinned Negroes. Don't we need quotas (oops, I mean balance or diversity) to reflect the proper numbers of dark, light, and medium-skinned? Back in the old days of slavery, people were a lot more scientific in their taxonomy; Negroes were given specific names depending on what fraction each one had of Negro and white blood, as well as different names depending on whether the blackness was on the father's or mother's side. There were "quadroons," "octoroons," etc. All that knowledge seems to have been lost, but our diversity-mongers had better well trot out their old taxonomics if they really want to hold a mirror up to the specific diverse groups that constitute America.

"White male"? This portmanteau group must be disaggregated, and fast.

And speaking of Mrs. O'Leary, in what way exactly is she supposed to be "black"? Her skin color is somewhere between Al Gore's and Bill Clinton's and lighter than most whites. So what is this nonsense? In the old days, they would have known how to bracket Mrs. O' Leary: In Harlem high society, she would have been called a "high yaller"; it's about time that the high yallers came into their own.

And then of course there are the Jews, who are strong in the Clintonian list, and who should hardly be slighted. And although we are told a lot about some of the candidates' backgrounds (i.e. that Bill Richardson is really an Hispanic), we are not told other crucial information, such as who are Jews and who are not, and who is married into a significant ethnic group and who isn't. Surely, all this is crucial if we are to be really conscientious bean-counters. For example, I presume Carol Browner is a WASP female, but I was stunned to find that "Miss" Browner has a little kid named Zachary Podhorzer, she being clearly married to a Jewish male named Michael Podhorzer. (One paper got it wrong and said that her kid's last name is Podhoretzer, and for a chilling moment I was afraid that Norman had placed another relative into an influential position, but I was fortunately set straight the next day.) Then there is the curious case of Madeleine K.

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Albright, female, eminent Democrat insider, and the new Ambassadress to the United Nations, raised back in her honor to Cabinet-level rank. Sounds like a WASP female, right? But no, it turns out that Mrs. Albright is divorced form Mr. Albright, and that she is a Czechess born in Prague, and daughter of Czech dissident Josef Korbel (hence the "K.") But Czech *what*? Was Josef a Catholic? Protestant? Or Jew? If Jew, then we can add a Jewess to the top-level Clintonians. But who knows? Once again, the media have been deficient, and I must await further clarification from my Czech sources.

While we are on the Jewish Question, we can now deconstruct the alleged "white male" nature of the Clintonian "economic team." We have, so far, on the economic team the following: Secretary of Treasury Lloyd Bentsen, elderly white male Texan (surely Texas is big enough and brassy enough to deserve its own category); Leon Panetta, director of Office of Management and Budget, Italo-American male; Laura D'Andrea Tyson head of Council of Economic Advisors, WASP female; still the remaining four top-level economic teamsters are all Jewish: Robert Rubin, co-head of Goldman-Sachs, head of the new National Economic Council, Jewish male; Roger Altman, of the Blackstone Group, Under Secretary of the Treasury, Jewish male; Alice Rivlin, Deputy head of OMB, Jewish female; and Robert Reich, Secretary of Labor, Jewish male. In short, of the seven top people on the Clintonian economic team, we have: one male WASP Texan; one female WASP; one Italo-American male; one Jewish-American female; three Jewish American males. Boil it all down, and shuffle things around, and what looks superficially like white male dominance becomes Jewish dominance.

The foreign and national security biggies are connected with the Rockefeller World Empire.

We are left, of course, with the Sex Question; why are we bean-counters not provided with the sexual preferences of all of the nominees? What exactly gives with HHS Secretary, single female Arab Donna Shalala? What gives with Alice Rivlin? And what is the precise marital status of Laura D'Andrea Tyson? Inquiring minds want to know.

And what has happened to the vast American contingent of blondes and redheads (female)? Every single one of the female appointees is a brunette; even if we exempt the alleged Negress O'Leary and the graying Albright, we still have aggressively brunette women: Tyson, Browner, Zoe Baird; why are the blondes and redheads being discriminated against?

And then there is the titanic struggle between two left-liberals on who will become Clinton's assistant on health policy: Judith Feder (Jewess) and Stuart Altman (male Jew). Add in the very leftwing Arkansas Negress Dr. Joycelyn Elders as Surgeon-General, and we have a very leftish control of the health field.

There are of course other ways to shuffle the Clintonian categories. Rather than gender and ethnicity, it might be more meaningful to consider for a moment that virtually all the foreign and national security biggies are connected with the Rockefeller World Empire (RWE), thereby insuring that foreign/national security policy remains securely in Rockefeller-Trilateralist-Council of Foreign Relations hands, Carter/Brzezinski subdivision, of course. Perhaps this is the payoff for the dramatic open RWE support for Clinton, as embodied in David Rockefeller, Jr's New York *Times* Op-Ed endorsement. Warren Christopher, Secretary of State, prune-faced elderly WASP, is a Rockefeller/Carter retread, as is WASP Anthony Lake (Carter and Kissinger [Rockefeller] aide) as national security adviser. Deputy under Lake is veteran Carter-Lake disciple Samuel ("Sandy") Berger, male Jew. Under secretary of State under Christopher is none other than Clifton Wharton, Jr., veteran upper-class very light-skinned Negro (though not quite a male high

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yaller), who—get this—is former president of none other than the Rockefeller Foundation. To wrap up the package, it turns out that Madeleine Korbel (Albright) is a veteran disciple of Carter/Rockefeller foreign policy expert Zbigniew Brzezinski. And CIA head R. J. Woolsey is a disciple of B. Scowcraft (Kissinger). Score 100 percent for the RWE in this crucial area.

I usually end any discussion of group discrimination and group preference by pointing satirically to the age-old suppression of short people by the Talls, and calling for Shorts to rise up against their Tall oppressors. Well, Life has now unfortunately imitated Art, and we have in the Clintonian Cabinet an unusually large number of shorties, so much so that one of the 4 foot-eleven contingent (masquerading as a 5-footers), either teeny but homely Donna Shalala or equally short and homely Alice Rivlin, I forget which, exulted that she was part of Clinton's "short caucus"—she actually used the term! Kinglet of this dwarf contingent is Robert Reich, Jewish male, who admits to 4'11" but is suspected of being 4'8". The press have already noted rather sourly that the Clinton Cabinet is no younger than the Bush (apparently elderly Bentsen and Christopher have skewed up the average), but they have been lax in telling us about everyone's height, and in comparing the Clinton cabinet height profile with that of the American masses.

Ahh, what wonderful research is left for the press, satisfying the people's "right to know" and hammering out the American mirror profile. Do you remember when left-liberals all laughed when poor Senator Roman Hruska (R., Neb.), trying to defend one of Nixon's Supreme Court appointees from attacks as "mediocre" wondered why the mediocre masses of America did not also deserve representation? It turns out that Hruska was really a prophet ahead of his time. If only he had portioned out the mediocre into the proper ethnic, gender, etc. proportions—providing of course that no Irish and no German-Americans need apply. Gee, ain't Democracy wonderful? ■

The December Surprise

by M.N.R.

Nothing embodies the monumental klutziness of George Bush so much as his manner of leaving office: bringing us a *December* surprise! Only a George Bush could get us into a war *after* he has safely lost his election. With luck, indeed, this "foreign policy" President might have us fighting in no less than three wars by the time he leaves office: Somalia, Bosnia/Kosovo, and Iraq. The media have been writing of Bush's possible cleverness in sticking Clinton with two and possibly three quagmires as he takes office. The heck with Clinton; what about the legacy that this preppy Trilateralist boob is bequeathing to *us*? At the end, in an allegedly major speech, Bush specifically tried to reverse the wise advice of George Washington's Farewell Address, and to keep us fighting in foreign entanglements forever. The vaunted "graciousness" of the Bushes during the interregnum completes the package, as the average Americano is supposed to be reassured by the perception that both the incoming and the outgoing elites are virtually the same, Clinton only a younger Bush with a hoarse Arkansas accent. To top it off, Ronnie left the confines of his Santa Barbara ranch to call for a permanent UN army to police the world, while that other conservative icon, Maggie Thatcher, keeps yowling for the immediate carpet bombing of the Serbs. It is high time for conservatives to rethink their recent history, to jettison the Reagans and Thatchers and Goldwaters, and return to the older tradition of the Tafts and Brickers and Wherrys. Catch any of *them* calling for a UN army!

The Somalia intervention is a genuine horror, for it is an intervention that possesses not a single shred of national self-interest: strategic, military, resource, or whatever. Hence, of all U.S. coercive actions since World War II, this one is beloved of the entire "anti-war" and "pacifist" Left. For the first time in a half-century, veteran anti-war leaders such as the Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, and the troubadour Pete Seeger, have signed up in a U.S. war. The veteran left-liberal and ex-Communist Murray Kempton, sounding for all the world like a villain in an Ayn Rand novel,

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writes that the wonderful thing about the Somalian intervention is precisely that the U.S. has no "selfish" interest in the war: that it is pure "humanitarian" altruism. And he is seconded in this monstrous analysis by none other than veteran "conservative" leader, William F. Buckley, Jr.

The idea of marching out with gun and missile to end starvation in the world, carrying machine-gun in one hand and CARE package in the other, is perhaps the most repellent vision of foreign policy ever concocted. The United States and the Western world in general have not escaped mass starvation out of sheer good luck or by "exploiting" the impoverished Third World. On the contrary: the natural lot of mankind, at least since our expulsion from Eden, is mass starvation—starvation that can only be overcome by steady hard work, by productive capital investment, and by creating the conditions and social institutions guaranteeing private property free of depredation. In that way, people will be able to keep and exchange the fruits of their hard-won labor. These conditions do not exist in the Third World, especially in areas such as Somalia. The United States is not wealthy enough, and hopefully not masochistic enough, to strip ourselves to the bone in order to feed the entire world, a world that is starving only because their social order has broken down, and because they are not guaranteeing private property rights.

The end of the year is the time to make awards, and surely the Horselaugh Award for 1992 goes to whichever joker in Washington promised that the U.S. troops would be out of Somalia by January 20. Yeah, sure. Somalia is a land of "criminal anarchy"—the sort of country that gives anarchism a bad name, a land where, instead of peacefully competing defense agencies, there is no settled government, certainly no effective peace-keeping agency, and warring bands are trying to steal from each other and from the general populace. In short, sort of like Harlem, only worse. But a land without a settled government, whether criminally anarchic or anarcho-capitalist, is almost impossible for an external power to occupy and govern. For there is no political infrastructure, no settled government to whom the occupying imperial power can transmit orders. How was little Britain, in the old days, able to occupy the vast and far more populous lands of the British Empire, e.g. India? British forces could conquer the Rajah, and then settle down to transmit orders to the Rajahs, who in turn would govern the indigenous population. But in areas where there was no indigenous political authority—the Ibos, in West Africa, for example, who were also devoid of political authority—the British found it almost impossible to occupy and govern. Similarly in Somalia. Lands without government are peculiarly porous; sure the American soldiers came ashore, brandished guns, and were met with little resistance at first; but soon we will find that we are only occupying the actual small territory our troops are walking on; the rest of the country—that is, all the areas not physically occupied by our troops—will remain ungoverned and beyond our ken.

The worst inciter in this mess is Boutros Boutros-Ghali, probably the peskiest and most dangerous UN Secretary-General to date, who keeps whooping it up for *us* to do more, more, to occupy, stay there forever, and, most outlandish of all, disarm every Somalian. Yeah, great; Boutros-Ghali wants *us* to fight to the last dollar and the last soldier. Liberal gun-control in Somalia? Disarm the "thugs" in Mogadishu when we don't seem able to disarm them in Harlem or Washington, D.C.?

The United States, pestered continually by Boutros-Ghali, and understandably reluctant to disarm all of East Africa, decided on a silly compromise: OK, we would disarm or confiscate the dreaded "vehicles"—the jeeps with mounted weapons that were the main tools of battle and power for the various clashing tribes and subtribes in southern Somalia. (Oops, you're supposed to say *clans*, not tribes, since the masters of P.C. have decided that "tribe" has a "racist" connotation.). Well, we started to disarm and confiscate the vehicles in Mogadishu, much to our satisfaction, when lo and behold! we found that at least the vehicles had been imposing some sort of power structure in the city, since only the largest and best-financed "thugs" could afford them. But now, without the vehicles, everyone

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is down to his own Kalashnikov, and armed conflict in the town is fiercer and more anarchic than ever. Typical example of government creating more problems than it solves!

Have you ever wondered, by the way, why all the turmoil and hence starvation is in *southern* Somalia, while *northern* Somalia remains peaceful and relatively well-fed? It's because there's only one tribe in northern Somalia, instead of the clashing welter, the glorious "diversity," the gorgeous mosaic, of the tribes in the benighted South.

Some truly loony-tunes ideas have come out of Washington for solving the Somalian crime problem. One is for the U.S. to *buy* all the guns from the Somalis. Right. The U.S. taxpayers pay a steep price to bring the guns in, the Somalis take the money and buy still more guns, as this "solution"—happy for Somali warriors, disastrous for the U.S. taxpayers, spirals out of control. An even nuttier proposal states that the United States should literally swamp southern Somalia with food, so much food that gluts will occur, and the price will be driven downward toward zero, so that no one will bother stealing it. Brilliant! But what would prevent the Somali warriors from buying all this cheap food, and reselling it at a higher price out of town or out of the country, thereby reaping ever-higher profits at U.S. taxpayers expense, while the Somali population continues to starve? Or do these Washington geniuses think that food never travels from one spot of earth to another, or perhaps they think they can glut the entire world?

The armed forces are already being weakened by feminization and gayization.

And so we can predict that our short-term feeding will solve no longer-run problems in Somalia, and that criminal anarchy will continue to reign outside the physical presence of U.S. troops. The United States, therefore, will quickly be presented with a critical choice: either declare victory and get the blazes out of Somalia, or send in ten million American troops, occupy every square inch of that besotted land, pick some "pro-American" puppet, hold "free elections," and the rest of the trappings, and then be prepared to maintain Somalia as a U.S.ward in perpetuity. And if so, when and where will it all end?

And by the way, if the Left strongly opposes all U.S.wars against Communism, but endorses (all?) other interventions, what does it say about the quality of their alleged opposition either to war or to U.S. imperialism? And what does it say about their *own* political ideology?

There are some other fascinating problems attending the Somalian caper. One is the accelerating castration of the American armed forces, which are already in the process of being weakened by feminization and gayization. I am no great fan of militarism, but if the military is to have any role at all—it's got to be *really* military: tough, purposive, disciplined, generally John Wayne or Clint Eastwood-like. But our entire left-liberal culture detests nothing more than John Wayneish "macho" heroes, and it has assiduously been trying to transform the American military, perhaps successfully. It was therefore chilling to read of the Marines distributing food in Mogadishu happily burbling "*now*, I feel that it's right to be a soldier." Ohhh?

This odious theme of the humanitarian-with-the-gun is strongly reminiscent of one of the great essays in political philosophy, the chapter "The Humanitarian with the Guillotine" from *The God of the Machine* (1943), by the marvelous Old Right novelist and literary critic Isabel Paterson. The "humanitarian," writes Paterson, makes it the *primary* purpose of his life to help others, even though of course he himself hasn't the funds to do so. But "if the primary objective of the philanthropist, his justification for living, is to help others, his ultimate good *requires that others shall be in want*. His happiness is the obverse of their

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misery.... The humanitarian wishes to be a prime mover in the lives of others. He cannot admit either the divine or the natural order, by which men have the power to help themselves."

"But," Isabel Paterson goes on, "he is confronted by two awkward facts: first, that the competent do not need his assistance; and second, that the majority of people, if unperverted, positively do not want to be 'done good' by the humanitarian.... Of course, what the humanitarian actually proposes is that *he* shall do what he thinks is good for everybody. It is at this point that the humanitarian sets up the guillotine."

"What kind of a world," Paterson concludes, "does the humanitarian contemplate as affording him full scope? It could only be a world filled with breadlines and hospitals, in which nobody retained the natural power of a human being to help himself or to resist having things done to him. And that is precisely the world that the humanitarian arranges when he gets his way.... Hence the humanitarian feels the utmost gratification when he visits or hears of a country in which everyone is restricted to ration cards. Where subsistence is doled out, the desideratum has been achieved, of general want and a superior power to 'relieve' it. The humanitarian in theory is the terrorist in action." (Paterson, *God of the Machine*, pp.241-42.)

Another grave problem confronting us in the Somalia caper is yet one more demonstration of the tremendous power of the TV media to make foreign policy. It's policy made not by thought, but by instant visual emotion. Consider: (1) TV cameras come to Somalia, (2) TV cameras show horrible shots of emaciated and diseased children, surrounded by flies; (3) shots are carefully arranged for maximum emotional impact upon the American viewer [American soldiers were stunned to find, when they invaded Somalia, many areas of productive farms and happy, well-fed farmers—*they*, of course, were not shown on TV]; (4) the American masses, stampeded by shots of starving Third World kids, bombard Washington for calls to do something—*any*thing—to save the situation; (5) America sends troops, despite all Pentagon or cost-benefit warnings. The fact that the intervention will not stop starvation or will likely prove counter-productive, means nothing: for long-run starvation, or superior alternative uses of resources, *cannot* be shown on television. This is foreign policy—in fact, public policy in general—made by images cleverly selected by TV. All that is needed to get the U.S. to send troops anywhere is for TV cameras to *show* starving children—and there are plenty available at a moment's notice: Zaire, southern Sudan, Haiti, Afghanistan, are just a few of the numerous places crying for TV attention. There is no hope for any rational public policy in America so long as we continue to have rule-by-TV camera. What can be done about it? I don't know, but it is a question that needs serious consideration. When Lew Rockwell, in response to the doctored Rodney King-tape, humorously suggested outlawing camcorders, he was deluged by protests from dimwit and *serioso* libertarians. But he was the first person to raise a serious concern that must be dealt with.

"It is at this point that the humanitarian sets up the guillotine."

And then there is Bosnia. George Bush is obviously itching to get heavily involved against the Serbs. Well, you gotta hand it to the Serbs: they are a proud and gutsy people. In mid-1992, the U.S. accepted a deal in which Serbian-American California millionaire Milan Panic went back to his Serbian childhood home as Prime Minister of the rump of old Yugoslavia, a rump consisting only of Serbia and its sister Serb republic of Montenegro. Panic was arbitrarily exempted by the State Department from the law requiring loss of citizenship by any American who presumes to take foreign political office. Serbian President Slobodan

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("Slobo") Milosevic offered the deal expecting it would get US and UN sanctions off his back. But when Bush wouldn't go for eliminating sanctions, and Panic kept urging peace upon the Serbs, then launching a bitter political struggle against Slobo, the Serbs got fed up, understandably and perhaps correctly denouncing Panic as a tool of U.S.imperialism and of the CIA.

Finally, in December elections, the conflict came to a head: Milosevic vs. Panic for election as President of Serbia. In addition to suspicions of American manipulation, the Serbs couldn't cotton to Panic as a person: he has a strong American accent, he waves his arms around on the stump—more like a Serbian-American than like a Serbian-Serb, apparently—he cracks jokes, is a former champion bicycle racer, and in general impressed the Serbs as more American than Serb.

At this juncture, the U.S. and other Western nations made it very clear that they wanted Milosevic out, and they threatened invasion and even war-crimes trials if the Serbs dared reelect Slobo. It was a dumb as well as repellently arrogant move by the U.S.; for the Serbs are not the sort of people to cave in to threats of force, even from the mighty United States. The Serbs, bless them, responded with an overwhelming victory by Milosevic, about 55 percent to 36 percent to his nearest rival, Panic. It was a resounding repudiation of U.S. intervention, current and prospective.

As usual, when they don't like the results, our vociferous champions of Democracy reacted by threatening to shoot the winners of a democratic election. They claim that the election was stolen, and for a while the Panic forces were demanding another vote. But soon the feebleness of their case forced the Panic people to shut up. Good Lord! Five percent of the voters were not registered, and so their votes were lost! Well so what, that's about the number of fraudulent voters, or fraudulent non-voters, in any given election in Las Vegas! The international election observers couldn't find much fraud either. Then, the grumblers had to fall back on the charge that Milosevic was able to use the State-owned media to his own advantage. Yes, but you see this argument cuts a bit close to the "democratic" bone. Media bias? You mean unlike the good old USA—where the media were virtually pushing Clinton across the line with every move they made, every word they uttered? Come on, guys! Eventually, then, the "Democrats" had to shut up, and accept the overwhelming nature of the Milosevic victory, Panic was then kicked out by Parliament as Prime Minister.

But isn't Milosevic a damned Commie? Yes, but his popularity is not due to his Communism, but to the fact that he quickly seized the torch of Serbian nationalism. Commie, shmommie, he's a Serb! More interesting than Slobo in the Serbian picture, and a comer for the future, is the Serbian Radical Party, second only to the Slobo Socialists, and headed by Vojislav Seselj. The "Radical" name deliberately harkens back to the old Radical party of pre-World War II Serbia, the classic party of royalism, right-wing nationalism, and Greater Serbianism. It is Seselj and the Radicals, and not Slobo, who is in communion with the Serb guerrillas in Krajina (Croatia), Bosnia, and presumptively, in Kosovo, now represented in the Yugoslav Parliament by their legendary leader (thug/Freedom Fighter) "Arkan."

Meanwhile, the U.S. continues to try to inflict pain on the Serbs by maintaining sanctions against any inflow of arms, material, manufactured goods, indeed everything except food. But the Serbian border is like a sieve, and all manner of vital goods are getting through all the time. In their frustration, the U.S. has finally found a violator of the sanctions to crack down on: beleaguered American chess wizard Bobby Fischer, who played a chess match in two spots in Serbia; a resort hotel on an island off the Montenegrin coast, and then in Belgrade itself. For defying US/UN warnings, the U.S. is pressing charges against Bobby, threatening him with: confiscation of Bobby's $3.5 million winnings, an extra $200,000 fine, and several years in jail. This for playing chess! I would like the U.S. authorities to explain something to me: just exactly how did Bobby Fischer's chess transaction aid the Serb economy, much less provide them with the sinews of war against the Serbs' ethnic enemies? Bobby played chess in Serbia, in return for which a Serb millionaire paid Bobby $3.5 million

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plus expenses. The Serbs find themselves with $3.5 million dollars *less* to spend on sinews, while their enjoyment of chess scarcely helps build one more plane or one more military base. How wackily vindictive can the U.S. government get? Bobby of course is not going to return to the U.S. to face the indictment, so the latest is U.S. threats of extradition. Hey! Get that dangerous chess player!

Once again, *RRR* raises the cry which we pioneered last year: Free Bobby Fischer and all Political Prisoners!

The latest noise from Washington on the Serbian question is that the U.S. may not send troops against the Serbs unless the Serbs "carry their aggression" to Kosovo. But that is arrant nonsense; the Serbs have no need to "extend" aggression to Kosovo; they are *already* governing it. A couple of years ago, Slobo ended the autonomy of Kosovo (south of Serbia) within the Serbian Republic, and imposed Serb rule. The problem is that only 10 percent of Kosovo is Serb; no less than 90 percent are Albanian! So there will be no conflict within Kosovo unless and until the Albanians will rise up and try to claim national self-rule, something the Kosovo Albanians so far seem incapable of doing. Then there is the specter of Albania itself intervening on behalf of their ethnic comrades in Kosovo (on its northeast border); but Albania, just recently out from under a long-term super-Maoist regime, seems in no condition to intervene against anyone. A special fillip to this ethnic conflict is the religious factor: the fact that the vast majority of Albanians are Muslims, adding, as in Bosnia, a special Christian vs. Muslim Holy War ingredient to the seething Balkan cauldron. There is also a special historical twist: the Christians in the Balkans rightly suspect the original conversions by the Bosnian Slavs (ethnically mainly Serb) and by the Albanians to Islam to have been motivated not so much by sincere religious conviction as by the opportunity to escape taxes under the Ottoman Empire. History always hangs heavy, especially among history's losers.

So thanks a lot for your rotton legacy, George, in foreign as well as domestic affairs!

So thanks a lot for your rotten legacy, George, in foreign as well as domestic affairs! The most appropriate song with which to pipe George out of office and back to Kennebunkport is the old ditty we used to sing in camp:

We hate to see you go
We hate to see you go
We hope to Hell you never come back
We hate to see you go. ■

Mr. First Nighter

by M.N.R.

A River Runs Through It
Dir. Robert Redford

A picture about fly-fishing in Montana? For an urban New York type like myself who wouldn't know a fly-fisherman from a surfer, who thinks that fish should be caught in giant nets, and who believes the once you've seen one mountain or tree, you've seen them all? And from someone who had never heard of Norman Maclean, from whose autobiographical sketch this movie was made?

And yet, I found this a wonderful, enchanting movie. I was enthralled by the entire story of an early twentieth-century family in Montana, by the spare, haunting, marvelous narration culled from that book, and by the motion picture which Redford has obviously made totally in the spirit of the story, with no Hollywoodization, and no beating the audience over the head with every point. I loved the Montana river, was enthralled by the mystique and the technical "four-count" perfection of fly-fishing, charmed by the notion that for the narrator's Presbyterian minister-father it was difficult to draw the line between religion and fly-fishing. I was captivated by the scene where the narrator Norman's younger brother Paul breaks through his father's technique to achieve his own

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innovative and superior form of fly-fishing.

There are many great little touches in this film: the life of the family; the gentle gripe when the father mentions that his reporter son had changed his name to MacLean, with a capital L, making the family look like "lowland Scots". There is the teasing byplay between Presbyterians and Methodists: "Methodists are Baptists who can read;" "don't crowd around him, he's a Presbyterian".

And of course the total contempt of fly-fishermen for the crude, easy and popular form of "bait-fishing": "He's the kind of peckerwood that will show up with a red Hills Brothers can of worms!" And the minister-father stubbornly if erroneously convinced that "St. Peter was a fly-fisherman."

In addition, Redford's deliberate choice of excellent but virtually unknown actors insures that the actors could form an ensemble team without the distraction of "star" celebrities.

What can I say? If this New York peckerwood can be enraptured by a movie about Montana fly-fishing, how much more in love with *A River Runs Through It* will be those readers who have actual experience of these rural delights! For urban and rural viewers alike, not the least of the charms of this movie is that it shows us life as it used to be lived, life in the Old Republic, of the America that we have lost, or rather that has been seized from us. When will the day come when movies as enchanting and as yea-saying can be made about *today's* America? The point of the paleo cultural revolution is not to be content with aching nostalgia, but to set out on the long but rewarding path of Bringing America Back, back to Eden. ■

Coming Out Neoconservative

by Justin Raimondo

Coming Out Conservative: An Autobiography
by Marvin Liebman
Chronicle Books, $19.95

There is a strange dissonance in Marvin Liebman's autobiography, *Coming Out Conservative*, a book about politics written in the style of a Harlequin Romance. If it has any near equivalent in literature, it is Patrick Dennis' hilarious *Little Me*, a high-camp pastiche of the Hollywood autobiography. The difference being that Dennis meant us to laugh at the narcissistic delusions and puffed-up pretensions of the whorish Belle Poitrine; Liebman, however, is deadly serious.

This accounts for the overwhelming impression of self-division which permeates the very structure of Liebman's book, which is really two books. The dominant and far more interesting tells the story of the conservative movement in America since the early Fifties as seen through the eyes of a stereotypical neocon. The other story is not really told, but only hinted at: his homosexual encounters, relationships, and acquaintances are never described in any detail. In a 265-page tome ostensibly devoted to his "coming out" as a gay man, chronicling all 69 years of his life, Liebman mentions only one of his lovers by name, and then disposes of the subject in a few paragraphs. The whole thing is very sketchy and reticent. The overwhelming impression garnered from reading the "juicy" parts is one of shame. I suppose we ought to feel sorry for him because his personal life consisted of an endless series of anonymous sexual encounters; but in this reader, at least, the effect produced nothing but an overwhelming revulsion—a revulsion shared and communicated by Liebman himself.

But all this whining and wallowing in self-pity is really beside the point, because most of the material deals, not with his sordid and apparently quite boring personal life, but with the fascinating story of how the conservative movement in America was literally taken over by ex-Commie social democrats like Liebman. The author was a central figure in all this—though not, one suspects, as pivotal a figure as he presents himself—and through his eyes we get to see the rise of the so-called "New Right." This new movement displaced the anti-New Deal coalition of libertarians, isolationists, and Taft Republicans with a new coalition united around a single issue: fanatical anti-Communism, and the fawning never stops.

The principal organ of the New Dispensation was *National Review*, and its undisputed leader was William F. Buckley, Jr., whose polysyllabic cosmopolitanism defied the stereotype

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of a movement once thought to be viscerally anti-intellectual. As far as Liebman is concerned, the conservative movement in America did not exist before the coming of Bill Buckley; in the very first sentence of the book Liebman describes him as "the founder of modern American conservatism."

While this book stumbles badly and is nearly felled by the usual pitfalls of autobiography—the endless venting of petty frustrations, and the exhibition of a vanity so overblown and obviously self-deluded that the effect is unintentionally comic—as a political document, *Coming Out Conservative* has another purpose: to blank out the real history of the conservative movement, to deny its true traditions of limited government at home and a foreign policy of America first. Senator Robert A. Taft, John T. Flynn, Garet Garrett, Albert J. Nock, Frank Chodorov, Colonel Robert McCormick's *Chicago Tribune*, the early *Human Events* under Felix Morley's tutelage—all are thrown down the memory hole by Liebman, who sums up the glorious heritage of the pre-Buckleyite Right in a few poisonous paragraphs in the Epilogue:

> It is redundant but important to keep repeating the enormous change in the public attitude of the American Right after Bill Buckley came on the scene. Prior to Buckley...the professional bigots had become a powerful and hidden force in American society and politics.... The Christian Front, Knights of the White Camellia, the Ku Klux Klan, the America First Committee, the Silver Shirts—these were the aboveground groups."

To equate the America First Committee—which included such notables as Joe Kennedy, Norman Thomas, and General Robert E. Wood, the head of Sears Roebuck, as well as such future notables as the young Gerald Ford and future Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart—with the KKK is slander most foul. Yet it has a familiar ring to it, and if you go back and read what the Communists were saying about America First and all opponents of Roosevelt's war (except for a brief time during the Hitler-Stalin Pact) it sounds remarkably similar. Apparently Liebman remembers the line from the days when he was a militant of the Young Communist League during the heyday of the Popular Front. He regurgitates it now because his politics have once again swung leftward; indeed, one of the purposes of *Coming Out Conservative* is to celebrate Liebman's second political childhood. For clearly, Liebman considers his new enthusiasm for the cause of gay rights to be the redemption of an idealism lost when he quit the Communist party—and never quite satisfied during all his years as a conservative activist for reasons which will become readily apparent. Just as he once proudly waved the banner of the hammer and sickle, so today he is frantically waving the rainbow flags and pink lambdas of gay lib: May Day has been superseded by Gay Day.

Why this sudden conversion? Liebman explains that, after thirty-five years of close friendship, "I assumed [Buckley] knew I was gay, but I never brought up the subject." Apparently Buckley never expressed any disapproval, nor did any of Liebman's other conservative friends. Liebman sums up their attitude toward the subject as: "Just don't talk about it, for heaven's sake."

Good advice, and for hetereosexuals as well. The only thing more boorish than vomiting into the lap of the Japanese Prime Minister is spilling out the most intimate details of one's personal life entirely without provocation. But now, according to Liebman, there is provocation in the fact that the American Right of the Nineties is being taken over by "far-right groups" who have dared to deviate from the line as set down by "Bill Buckley and his brilliant colleagues who founded *National Review*, for which I worked and in which I believe." Not only that, but, you see, since the fall of Communism, "a frenzied search began within the American Right for something to replace anticommunism as the central issue that held the 'conservative movement' together for more than thirty years. The standard old bogeymen—Jews, Catholics, blacks, foreigners—were still around. But they were well organized and far more difficult to use as scapegoats. But there was one group that could be used as a target: homosexuals. The spreading AIDS epidemic and the growing activism of the gay and lesbian community provided

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the hate-mongers with the perfect victims at the perfect time."

Here is the perfect fulfillment of the narcisstic homosexual fantasy: gays as not only the victims of a kind of spiritual and political gang rape, but also as the target of a vast conspiracy motivated by powerful and malevolent forces, as the center of attention, the central focus of the nation's anxieties. This paranoid fantasy is widespread in the gay community; indeed, it is a stock in trade of those professional queers, like Liebman, who conjure up visions of a Homosexual Holocaust. In this regard, it is useful to quote Liebman's characterization of the contemporary American Right as consisting of the old anticommunist groups, the "Religious Right," groups dedicated to traditional values, and "the politicians whose jobs and appeal depend on their ability to promote fear and bigotry and then convince their constituencies that they are the only ones who can hold the fort against whatever enemy they have created." As one of the first and most successful of the direct mail anti-Communists, who personally wrote hundreds of fund-raising letters alerting potential contributors to the danger of an imminent Communist take-over, Liebman ought to know. That he is now conjuring up a similar threat to Civilization As We Know It—this time from the Right—in the interests of pushing his book and his new-found enthusiasms is hardly surprising.

His first intimation of the rise of a neo-Hitlerite movement dedicated to the eradication of queers was the Mapplethorpe controversy. Such works as Mapplethorpe's photographic self-portrait, in which the artist's posterior is impaled on a wicked-looking bullwhip, are for Liebman symbols of Gay America which "provided the New Bigots with the opportunity they were looking for. They were able to promote fear and hatred of gay and lesbian Americans..."

The truth is that Liebman cannot abide this attack on the NEA because, during the Reagan years, he used to work for them. Of course, as an alleged conservative, he is supposed to be *against* the very existence of the federal arts bureaucracy. He tries to get around this by opposing federal intervention in the art world, but coming out in favor of state and local subsidies. How, then could he have worked at a government agency he would theoretically abolish—heading up the NEA's *public relations* department! Managing to combine a crass cynicism with an incredible naivete, Liebman obviously does not expect the reader to laugh out loud at the following passage:

> I gave up on the USIA and decided to try the National Endowment for the Arts. Even though I was politically and aesthetically opposed to the national endowment for anything—particularly of the "arts"—I thought it might be fun to work on their theater program.

Political principles, aesthetic principles, principles of any description crumble away to nothing at the thought that it might, after all, be "fun" to work in the NEA's theatrical division. So much for overcoming the "homophobic" stereotype of the homosexual as a light-minded, rather giddy individual, who cannot possibly be taken seriously. Liebman condemns himself out of his own mouth. "At the same time," he continues, "I would do my best to see that the NEA was disbanded. Big Government was stifling America. We conservatives were going to get rid of it. For about three or four months, we held on to the dream—until we were all firmly ensconced and absorbed."

Oily cynicism permeates *Coming Out Conservative* like a bad odor.

The most repulsive aspect of *Coming Out Conservative* is not the pathetic sex scenes, but the oily cynicism which permeates the book like a bad odor. If Liebman is guilty of moral depravity, it is not on account of his uninteresting sex life, but because of his rather slimy opportunism. This is the leitmotif

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of his career in conservative politics; it was, as his book makes clear, the very reason he came over from the Communist Party to begin with.

Recruited into the Communist orbit at the tender age of 14, through the American Student Union, a Communist front, Liebman was soon asked to join the Young Communist League, an event which he describes as "probably one of the great moments of my young life." When young Commies at the American Youth Conference booed President Roosevelt on the White House lawn, Liebman was in the thick of it. And when Eleanor came the next day, apologizing for her husband's rudeness in daring to describe as "twaddle" the Conference resolution approving the Soviet invasion of Finland, Liebman was there, cheering and applauding.

In Liebman, the neocon is exaggerated to the point of self-parody.

Liebman's account of his Communist Party activities is highly selective—and, as in the case of his sex life, depicted rather sketchily. It is as if he is ashamed of it—and with good reason. Of his reaction to the Moscow Trials, and the Hitler-Stalin Pact, there is nary a word; apparently these cataclysmic events were not enough to shake his faith. He tries to relegate his CP membership to the background by declaring that "As the war heated up, the YCL and the Communist party went underground," implying that he did not follow. But in fact, the Communist Party did not go underground in 1941: the exact opposite was the case. As the war heated up, and Hitler invaded the Soviet Union, the Communist Party threw itself into the interventionist crusade. When war finally came, a year later, the CP went all out for the war effort—not covertly, but openly. Proudly proclaiming that "Communism is 20th Century Americanism," the CP line was indistinguishable from the general body of liberal and "progressive" thought.

It wasn't until the war ended that Liebman finally quit the CP—not because he suddenly realized the horror of the idea that man must live for the sake of the state, but as a result of a power struggle between CP leaders Earl Browder and William Z. Foster. It was a struggle between two powerful personalities in which no great principles were at stake: the only issue was organizational control of the party. When Stalin decided in favor of Foster, Liebman and his Browderite friends were ostracized. Even then, although he was no longer officially a member of the party, Liebman was in the Communist orbit until 1951.

During those years he followed the pattern which typified a whole generation of neoconservative intellectuals and publicists: from anti-Stalinist leftism he gradually drifted into the ranks of the Social Democracy—less out of conviction than due to an infinite adaptability, an ability to "go with the flow," and, in the end, profit quite handsomely.

In Liebman this neocon characteristic is exaggerated to the point of self-parody. Describing what amounted to his moment of decision, his final break with the Communist Party, he mentions in passing that he had trouble accepting the party line on the Korean war, but clearly his real motivation is revealed in the following passage:

> I went to my parents' home in Brooklyn. I knew that at age twenty-seven I had to stop playing at being a revolutionary and get down to real life—making a living.

It was easy being a Communist during the war, when the Russians were depicted as our noble allies and Stalin was known as Uncle Joe. And then suddenly, it was hard to be a red—and besides, there was no money in it.

Thus Liebman was launched on a career as a publicist and activist that started out in the Liberal Party of New York and progressed rightward with ever-accelerating speed. The author's attitude toward his new-found friends and fellow activists is summed up when he writes

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that he "felt a little guilty working for the liberals rather than a 'progressive' group, but at that stage of my life, a job was a job." Who is Liebman kidding? No reader can come away from this book without the overwhelming sense that a shameless opportunism is the dominant factor in each and every phase of the author's life. This chameleonlike ability, which seems to be a common trait among neocons, served Liebman well, although his Liberal Party friends (and employers) did not benefit. Liebman explains that "To allay my guilt at working for the Liberal party, I gave the local chapter of the Progressive party a mimeographed copy of the names and addresses of the major Liberal party contributors. This list was passed over surreptitiously in the lobby of the Algonquin Hotel"—which suggests that perhaps a better title for Liebman's book might have been *Coming Out As An Ingrate, A Liar, and a Thief.*

Liebman remained a Commie at heart until his great "conversion" experience, which he relates with unconvincing earnestness. According to Liebman, it was his meeting with one Elinor Lipper, a German ex-Communist who had been imprisoned in the Gulag for eleven years, that finally turned him into an anti-Communist. "Her story overwhelmed me," he writes. Feeling "totally betrayed" and "personally responsible for what had happened to her," Liebman suddenly saw the light. "This catharsis, there in the lobby of the Algonquin Hotel, was a turning point in my life."

Since it is completely unbelievable that Liebman had no knowledge of Communist repression before 1951—after the Moscow Trials, the liquidation of the kulaks, and the occupation of Eastern Europe—he qualifies this Paul-on-the-road-to-Damascus story by claiming that, while "the change seemed quick," it "was really the culmination of five years of internal intellectual conflict that I had hidden from myself." This conflict, if it existed, is also hidden from the reader. What is not hidden from the reader is the fact that this conversion experience coincided with the requirements of Liebman's job as a paid employee of the International Rescue Committee. This is vital to understanding the first principle of Liebmanism, which is that all principles are expendable in the pursuit of money, power, and security. As Liebman puts it:

> I have moved from place to place, from idea to idea, from person to person, from left to right, from Jew to Catholic, from middle class to bohemian and back again, and from youth to age, looking for a family, a place, a home where I could be me. I have achieved "security" in these later years, and something that my father always dreamed of for me, a government job.

Besides succinctly summing up the life of Liebman, this paragraph from the prologue perfectly describes the spirit, method, and goal of the neoconservative cult. Rooted to nothing but the pursuit of power, attaching itself to various movements spanning four decades and nearly every point on the political spectrum, what Russell Kirk called "this little Sacred Band" is a parasite perpetually in search of a host. It was only a matter of time before they colonized the gay movement.

While the results, in *Coming Out Conservative*, may cause most of his fellow neocons to wrinkle their noses, the book crystallized the neoconservative agenda—and, perhaps, prefigures their future political trajectory. Not that they will rush to embrace ACT-UP, but in the sense that Liebman is but a step or two ahead of his straight confreres in drawing certain conclusions about the neocon role in the politics of post-Cold War America. For now that Communism is dead, the rationale for these Social Democrats to call themselves conservatives no longer applies. One of the most striking things about the Liebman book is the complete absence of any reference to conservatism as opposition to Big Government; there is no mention of economics. Apparently, Liebman did not bother with such issues during his long career as a man of the Right. Of the dozens of front groups he had a hand in organizing, all were apparently concerned with the single issue of anti-Communism.

With Communism dead and buried, Liebman, in many ways the archetypal neocon, is showing his true colors: not his homosexuality, which is of interest to no one but himself, but his wholesale abandonment of

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such bedrock conservative principles as the right to private property and the right of free association—both of which are abolished by anti-"discrimination" laws, which he now endorses. In his new-found enthusiasm for "gay rights," all of this is thrown overboard with nary a thought nor even so much as a splash.

At the age of 69, a man whose publicists trumpet him as one of the "founding fathers" of the modern conservative movement, is going through his second political childhood. The collapse of Communism has freed him to express his *real* political convictions. During the recent election, he toured the country trashing the Republican party and calling for the defeat of President Bush so as to "purge" the GOP of dangerous radicals such as Pat Buchanan. In this, the third phase of his career, Liebman is returning to his leftist roots: from left to right and back to the left again. As to whether his fellow neocons will also revert to type and "come out" as Social Democrats, only time will tell. But who would be surprised if the chameleon once again changes color? ■

Are Banks Racist?

by Llewellyn H. Rockwell, Jr.

A recent study from the Federal Reserve says that banks systematically discriminate against minority mortgage applicants. As a result, the Fed has joined civil rights groups and the 1992 Democratic Party Platform in calling for race-based mortgage lending, which the Clinton administration will undoubtedly implement.

Unfortunately, these claims of victimhood are based on methodological error, for the Fed arbitrarily ignored the grounds on which people are granted or not granted credit.

Credit worthiness is one of the few meritocratic concepts still extant from the old America.

To get a home mortgage, for example, you have to have a good job history, the necessary income, a decent credit rating, and some savings. And you can't have too much debt for your income. These are the attributes of credit worthiness, one of the few meritocratic concepts still extant from the old America, and therefore under attack. The Fed study ignored them all.

It is true that 37.6% of blacks are rejected for conventional loans as versus 26.6% of Hispanics and 17.3% of whites. But to conclude from these figures that banks are racist is only a demonstration from that ancient political text, "How To Lie With Statistics." For example, although only one national story mentioned it, Asians got proportionately *more* mortgages than whites (Asians were turned down only 14.3% of the time). Are bankers "yellow supremacists"? Or are Asians, on average, better qualified than whites by the normal standards of credit? Obviously, it is the latter.

But such a conclusion is intolerable in a culture that regards any group differences as evidence of unequal treatment. Somehow, it violates the ethics of our day to point out that equal treatment can lead to unequal results. That Asians get more loans than whites is a good case in point: the process is fair, but the results are unequal.

And this is true of all groups under consideration. Are we to conclude that Hispanics are irrationally favored over blacks because they get more mortgages? Or is this simply a reflection of Hispanic creditworthiness?

While it's true that blacks, on average, have weaker credit histories, fewer assets, and less income than other groups, this doesn't mean they can't get loans; 62.4% of blacks who apply for loans get them.

In an alternate (and unpublicized) set of data, the Fed adjusted the racial-lending difference for income. Among the median income group, this narrowed the black-white gap by six points. Undoubtedly, further adjustment would eliminate the gap. For example, the lending split between high and low-income whites is as large as the

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gap between the races.

All this means that credit markets, like other markets, are rational. Even among rich whites, 10% are turned down, showing that other factors are critical in granting loans.

But, as usual, rationality flies out the window when politics comes in the door. Activist groups pride themselves on intimidating even the largest banks into race-based lending. Their studies, similar to the Fed's, always conclude that white lenders are discriminating against black applicants. These organizations seek to outlaw traditional credit standards, for now that money for the welfare state is drying up, the banking system is seen as a pool of redistributable funds.

Many federal state and local laws already outlaw discrimination in lending. The Community Reinvestment Act mandates special treatment for minorities. And the Clinton administration will further tighten the regulations. But the trend is driving bankers nuts.

For many reasons, bankers already compete for every creditworthy minority applicant. Now it is the uncreditworthy they are being forced to serve. But what happens when these loans become non-performing?

The federal government's mortgage agencies will have to buy them and repackage them for sale on the secondary market at a huge discount, just like the S&L debacle. Billions could be lost.

The traditional system of credit, and its enforcement, has been under liberal attack for decades. But racial lending is the wits end of anti-discrimination laws. Considering that taxpayers will be forced to pick up the bank-bailout tab, we need not affable and easy-going lenders, but crabby oldtimers willing to point out that there is no easy path to the bourgeois life.

Victimological pleas may pay in the short run, but they will never inculcate the values necessary to a good credit rating. ■

The Grave Robbers

by L.H.R., Jr.

The first shot in the new tax war has been fired by the *Washington Post*. The target is the wealth that parents pass on to their children. Increasing the inheritance tax, says the *Post*, could bring in $12 billion a year.

The first shot in the new tax war has been fired by the *Washington Post*.

The idea is to subject inherited property to the capital gains tax. In addition to present inheritance taxes, the property would be assessed on the basis of how much more it is worth now than when it was acquired, and taxed on that increase (which, thanks to inflation, is fictitiously high or even illusory).

Bill Clinton has expressed interest in the idea, and the *Post* wants him to make it a priority, since present policy benefits "the better-off."

The levelers tried this in 1976 (an act of "courage," says the *Post*), but a sense of decency overcame the Congress, and the bill was defeated. But now that D.C. defenders of property are rare as Republicans in Little Rock, the grave robbers are back, and the effects of their tax would be dramatic.

A man who started a $1,000 business in 1950, and turned it into a $10 million operation, could not hand it on to his son without a giant increase in taxes, probably causing the sale of the business. (Even family heirlooms might have to be sold.)

Already, inheritance taxes make it impossible for many Americans to pass on family farms and other small businesses, with harmful economic and social effects.

Typically, the advocates of such measures assume a static model, that people will go on investing and saving no matter what the government does to them. But they won't, and we will all be the poorer for it.

Economists once recognized the strength of the "bequest motive" for saving. Often, it is stronger than the desire to consume ourselves. Fathers are much more willing to work and save for their children

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than to live out a possibly short retirement in luxury. We all want our children to have better lives than we did, and inheritances have helped make that possible.

This tax increase would also alter family relations, and not for the better. One incentive for adult children to care for their elderly parents—an incentive already undercut by present taxes and Social Security—is a favorable will. With the parents and grandparents less able to pass on their wealth, young people would have even less regard for their elders' well-being. In addition, churches and other charities will receive less money through bequests, therefore shrinking them, another socially disastrous consequence.

In his classic *Death and Taxes* (The Heritage Foundation, 1976), economist Hans F. Sennholz points out that inheritance taxes force people to "bestow a large share of their life's achievements on the government." Such taxes spoil hope and ambition, and cause people to "prefer retirement over further work and accumulation."

If the tax does indeed bring in an additional $12 billion, where will it go? Into the maw of an already corpulent government. Compare the utility of that to having the money stay in the families of successful people with the mental constitution to preserve and increase it.

As Alexander Tabarrok points out in the January 1993 *Free Market*, the war for American independence began as a revolt against a British inheritance tax. It wasn't until after the First World War that such taxes became routine in our country.

The cost of present inheritance taxes—federal, state, and local—is already extremely high. Great fortunes have been devastated, beautiful properties lost, ancestral homes abandoned, traditions forgotten, families weakened, and immense wealth not created. That's why, instead of increasing these deadly taxes, they should be repealed.

But leftists have chosen the inheritance tax as their first objective because they assume it is the path of least resistance. Who will defend the "rich," defined as anyone who increases the value of their property, after the multitude of life taxes, and seeks to pass it on? For the perpetually envious, it is enough to say that only the "better-off" benefit from present policy. Certainly, if this idea is carried off, there will be fewer of them for the *Post* to worry about.

The tax-increasers have another hope as well: that some conservatives and supply-siders will go along in return for indexed capital gains or repeal of the tax in some small area.

I hope not. As Sennholz says, the inheritance tax is "born from envy and resentment," and Heaven knows we don't need anymore of that in the Age of Clinton.

Clinton's Leftists

by L.H.R., Jr.

Bill Clinton, despite the media hype about his being a moderate, is actually a McGovernite. We can see this in his calls for increased government spending ("investment") and taxes ("candy"). No, taxes aren't really candy, but neither is federal pork an investment, in anything but bigger government.

We can also see Clinton's true nature in such left-wing appointments as Donna Shalala (HHS, and named after a do-wop lyric), Robert Reich (Labor, and lying about his height: he's 4'8", not 4'11"), and Laura D'Andrea Tyson (Council of Economic Advisors, unfortunately not for Breshnev).

Even Lloyd Bentsen (Treasury), allegedly a conservative, is one of the biggest spenders in U.S. Senate history, far surpassing Ted Kennedy, for example. Thus his beloved status. When it comes to corporate welfare, social welfare, foreign welfare, or military welfare, he's for turning on the cash spigot full force.

Tyson's record is perhaps the most startling, however. A professor of economics at the University of California at Berkeley, she did much of her academic work before 1989 on East European socialism, and she liked what she saw.

In *Economic Adjustment in Eastern Europe*, prepared for the U.S. Air Force and published by the Rand Corporation in 1984, she praises the performance of Rumanian socialism, without a mention of the economic and social nightmare created by Nikolai Ceausescu. In fact, her description of the centralization process is so coldly naive that it could have come from a government press release.

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After a "brief but abortive flirtation with some decentralizing economic reforms of the Hungarian variety," she writes, "Rumania embarked upon a major 'remobilization' effort" to increase "the already substantial investment program" and "renew pressure on all levels of the planning and enterprise hierarchy to achieve increased growth rates."

Tyson is, quite clearly, what we used to call a pinko.

"The Rumanian leadership" was committed to "rapid economic growth, emphasizing industrialization, based on the rapid transfer of agricultural labor reserves to industry and on a major investment effort." Is "transfer" of "labor reserves" a euphemism for forced relocation and slave labor? We're never told, since to Tyson, the only question is, did the Rumanian "investment" plan "work"?

Yes, she says. Rumania achieved "dazzling growth rates in the 1970s." It was impressive for an economy which, she freely admits, "conformed to the traditional Stalinist model."

In the 1980s, Rumania was "remarkably successful" in imposing the "austerity measures that are required for rapid short-term improvements in the balance of payments." And "continued austerity measures may produce some efficiency gains" in the Rumanian economy.

Of course, "austerity" actually meant a giant palace for Ceausescu, complete with gold plumbing features, while the Rumanian people got pathetically little food, heat, electricity, and medical care. Communist Rumania had one of the most brutally repressive regimes in this century, and its economic policies produced not "dazzling growth," but poverty and death.

Yugoslavian "market socialism" was the subject of Tyson's doctoral dissertation, later published as *The Yugoslav Economic System in the 1970s* (University of California, Berkeley, 1980). The dictator Tito's policies were disastrous, and she is critical of them... for including the market.

The "market failed to live up expectations" without "effective macroeconomic measures," i.e., the central government needed to have more control. Thank goodness that during the 1970s, Yugoslavia saw "renewed attention to democratic centralism and to limiting open dissent among party members," with a "recentralization of authority within the party" away from "republican party organizations."

"As a consequence of these changes," Tyson writes in an astounding passage, "by 1977 Tito could justifiably claim that 'the unity of our working people has never been greater than today.'"

Her last academic work on Eastern Europe was published in 1986, *Power, Purpose, and Collective Choice: Economic Strategy in Socialist States*, a volume she co-edited with Ellen Comisso (published by Cornell University Press). In it, she labels economic shortages in Eastern Europe as merely a "widespread perception," while praising these countries for being "willing and able to provide a socialist safety net."

Even after the fall of socialism, in her newspaper column she urged "massive investment efforts" in state-owned industries (July 1989). And in January 1990, she said that the "free market frenzy in the United States during the past decade" demonstrates why we should have "collective ownership of firms by groups of workers."

Tyson is also on record as favoring industrial policy, protectionism, and higher taxes ("we are not overtaxed. Quite the reverse"). She has even claimed as "elementary economic principle": "there is no relationship between the level of taxes a nation pays and its economic performance."

Clearly, Laura D'Andrea Tyson belongs in Berkeley (if not Peking), and Bill Clinton should left her there. ■

McRowanism

by L.H.R., Jr.

"Not since the days of Sen. Joe McCarthy have I seen a

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more sickening smear job than the one the right-wing media are trying to do on Johnetta Cole, the education coordinator of the Clinton transition team," wrote Carl T. Rowan in his syndicated column.

Rowan was talking about articles in the *Jewish Daily Forward* and *Human Events* that showcased Cole's ties to Communist fronts like the U.S. Peace Council, and her support of Castro and the Castroite *Venceremos* Brigade. She even took a sabbatical to live in Cuba and support Fidel, and as the main speaker at a Communist Party dinner honoring C.P. theoretician Herbert Aptheker.

In his article, Rowan, who did not deny any of Cole's connections, said he was "offended and outraged" that such revelations might detract from her status as a "national treasure." (He did not, however, mention which nation.)

But Rowan should be careful, for 25 years ago, he wrote an article in the September 1967 *Readers Digest* accusing Martin Luther King, Jr., of cavorting with communists. King responded by accusing Rowan of, you guessed it, "McCarthy-like" tactics.

Why, Rowan had wondered in the *Digest*, was King following the Communist Party line?

"Some say it was a matter of ego—that he was convinced that since he was the most influential Negro in the United States," and others "revived a more sinister speculation that had been whispered around Capitol Hill and in the nation's newsrooms for more than two years—talk of communists influencing the actions and words of the young minister."

King, wrote Rowan, "has alienated many friends and armed the Negro's foes, in both parties, by creating the impression that the Negro is disloyal."

David Garrow, in *Bearing the Cross*, a Pulitzer Prize-winning biography of King, claimed that "King's response to Rowan was stern but accurate." "Not only had the columnist confused dissent with disloyalty," writes Garrow, "but his allegations of Communist influence were a red-baiting smear, a 'McCarthy-like response' that tarnished Rowan. 'He engaged in what Mr. McCarthy put us through,' King told one interviewer, and had committed a serious mistake. 'I think Mr. Rowan made a tragic error,' King said, alluding to Rowan's phraseology."

Why, Rowan wondered in the *Readers Digest*, was King following the Communist Party line?

But Rowan was concerned about the influence of Stanley Levison, the man who was, as Garrow and others report, King's control, and earlier the major donor to the Communist Party U.S.A. Levison had been the ghostwriter of many of King's speeches and books during the sixties, and handled such things as King's scheduling and finances.

Rowan was right to be concerned about Levison. Why are we also not right to be concerned about Johnetta Cole? In the *Readers Digest*, Rowan asked: what happened to King? Shouldn't we ask the same question about Rowan? ■

P.C. Watch

by L.H.R., Jr.

Love in Black and White

Thank goodness, interracial sex is now normal entertainment fare, says Carla Hall in the *Washington Post* (12/20/92). In 1968, television's first interracial kiss took place between Captain Kirk and Lt. Uhura on "Startrek." But they were being "controlled by inhabitants of an alien planet." Hollywood had taken up the theme in "Guess Who's Coming to Dinner." Then, in 1991, came Spike Lee's Jungle Fever," an R-rated film with "in-your-face advertising," in which a "black man and white woman have an affair," but "two families are nearly destroyed." Hurrah for "The Bodyguard," in which the white Kevin Costner has an affair with the black Whitney Houston," but the interracial aspect "never comes up." This, says Ms. Hall, is as it should be. Plenty of interracial sex, and nobody noticing.

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A Christian Nation?

Mississippi governor Kirk Fordice got in big trouble for describing the U.S. as a "Christian nation," even though he said it was merely a statement of fact not meant to exclude anyone.

If he'd been politically correct, however, the governor might have said "This is a Judeo-Islamo-Mormono-Buddho-Santerio-VooDoo-Confuciono-Hindu-Jehovah's Witnesso-Atheisto-Agnostico-Rosicruciano-Christian nation, and don't you forget it."

Now That's Law Enforcement

Mrs. Soon Ja Du, a tiny, elderly Korean grocer in Los Angeles, was abused again and again by her inner-city "customers." Then one day she was badly beaten by a large, muscular black female shoplifter, and she responded by shooting the woman in the head, as we all saw on the famous tape. Our media masters chose not to show us the vicious beating that preceded the shooting, just as they chose not to show us politically incorrect portions of the Rodney King arrest tape.

Supposedly a source of L.A. rage is the fact that Mrs. Du was given five years probation by "white judge" Joyce A. Karlin, who faced savage media attacks during her reelection campaign. She won, thank goodness. "Did Mrs. Du react inappropriately?" Judge Karlin had asked at the sentencing. "Absolutely. But was that reaction understandable? I think it was."

Now Mrs. Du, who was going to visit Korea, has been ordered not to leave the country. The Justice Department plans to bring civil rights charges against her.

Clothes Make the...Man

The newest trend in the world of high fashion is male models dressing up as women. "If someone wants a really strong look," model Winston Austin told the *Washington Post*'s Sharon Waxman (11/14/92), they want a transvestite. Austin has recently modeled a wedding dress for English couturier Pamela Hogg, as well as a cocktail dress in the English *Vogue*. Austin is English, but well-known American models include Connie Girl, Lyp Sinka, and Terri Toye. "This is simply the sexual habits of a lot of people that are now considered normal," said photographer Michel Haddi, who specializes in cross-dressers.

"I think nature intended for me to be a very beautiful man who can pass for a woman," says Austin. "I don't desire to be one or the other, and I think it's a great compliment to be this way."

"This is the '90s," says designer Yasmine Eslami. "We have to accept that people's sexuality is their own business. The drag phenomenon is growing."

The Sting

To show white children the "sting of racism," the Smithsonian is mounting a traveling exhibit for 8-15 year-olds. White kids "will come out of it with the knowledge that diversity is OK," Kimberly N. Camp, director of the national museum's Experimental Gallery told the *New York Times* (10/22/92).

The exhibit teaches children about pervasive "white racism," for example, that white cabdrivers tend not to pick up black passengers at night in Washington, D.C. The fact that D.C.'s black cabdrivers also will not pick up blacks at night, according to the city's own study, because they too are afraid of being robbed, is unmentioned.

Also featured, "Neighborhood Windows," where children look in on p.c. scenes, including an Islamic prayer ceremony, a Vietnamese New Year's celebration, a Salvadoran birthday party, and an African-American family reunion. Next: a traveling children's exhibition on AIDS.

The Gang That Couldn't March Straight

Members of Texas Southern University's marching band engaged in mass shoplifting while in Japan in December for a bowl game. The 126 musicians visited the famous Akihabara mall, where expensive electronic equipment is displayed outside the stores on racks. Shoplifting is unheard of in Japan, but not at TSU, and band members stole en masse. It was not the brightest caper of all time, however, because they ran with the stolen goods back to their buses, which were parked in the mall's parking lot. Merchants called the police, who surrounded the buses, and refused to allow them to leave until most of the loot was returned.

"I have never heard of a case

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involving stealing by such a large number of people," said police officer Kazuhiko Okada. But shopkeepers could not identify the individual thieves because "they all looked alike" in their identical band uniforms.

In Houston, the university's president, William H. Harris, said he was disgusted by the band's actions, which could not be excused, but he also criticized Japan's anti-black racism, to which he credited the publicity about the incident.

Shopkeepers could not identify the thieves because "they all looked alike."

Other Bands

Bill Clinton's inaugural parade also "looked like America." Participating were the reggae band Steel Pulse, the Lesbian and Gay Band of America, Bolivian Soul, the Andrew Cacho African Drummers, African Stilt Walkers, Special Olympics members, and miniature ponies from Delaware.

The Motorist

Saying he wants to remake his image, Rodney King is appearing on radio and tv talk shows in Los Angeles. King, the drunken criminal who was always called a "black motorist" in the press, said "he want to prove he's not a ruthless bear like the media portrayed me."

Clustegration

The almost 90% black Richmond, Virginia, public schools have stopped the dreaded practice of "clustering" because it is discriminatory. In elementary schools, the small minority of white children were "clustered" in the same class. "My son would feel uncomfortable if he were the only white in a class of 26," said a white parent. The program was started by black administrators to try to stop whites from leaving the school system, but school board chairman Clarence Towns didn't know about it, until the NAACP protested. "You don't need to be a rocket scientist," Towns—who is not one—told the *Washington Post* (12/14/92), "to figure out that is a form of segregation."

Equal-Opportunity Painting

New York City was in an uproar a couple of years ago when white boys (Albanian immigrants, as it turned out) put white shoe polish on the face of a black boy. The media was hysterical over "white racism," and Mayor David Dinkins assigned more than 200 cops to the case, the sort of attention usually reserved for the Son of Sam. Then this year, black boys sprayed the face of a young Chinese girl with black paint. The reaction in the mayor's office and in the media was... nothing. ■

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